



## OUR SLATE-CLUB DINNER.

*Chairman.* "I'M SURE WE BE ALL VERY SORRY OUR SECRETARY IS NOT HERE TO-NIGHT. I CANNOT SAY WE MISS 'IS VACANT CHAIR, BUT I DO SAY WE MISS 'IS VACANT FACE."

## IN COMMITTEE.

[The minutes of a debate held this morning, as usual, in the bed of a young gentleman of the name of Brown, at the hour of 7.30 A.M. Mr. Brown, being the only person present, constitutes, for the purpose of the following, "the House."]

As soon as the House was sufficiently awake to consider any serious business, Mr. Brown, without producing any reason, argument, or adequate excuse, proposed the following motion:—"That this House do not get up *just* yet."

The motion was seconded, with some shame, by Mr. Brown.

A silence of pained surprise followed this proposal, and after some delay Mr. Brown begged leave to oppose the motion. In an earnest and closely reasoned speech he exhorted the House to ignore this vile suggestion, the motive of which could be, and was, nothing else than a cowardly fear of the impending cold bath. The House must not let itself be deterred on so frivolous a pretext, not let itself be frightened by the prospect of that which, if it only knew it, was its chief delight. Rather let it turn its attention to its breakfast: hot coffee *ad libitum* and

hotter porridge (*inter alia*) if it got up now; if it delayed, then cold everything and less than little of that. Supposing the hungry brothers of the House once got a start, how much breakfast would *they* leave? What steps would *they* take to keep hot what they did leave? He then called the attention of the House to the state of the clock. The hands, be it observed, were pointing to 7.45 A.M., and that was, if anything, slow. Had not the House *sworn* last night to get up at seven o'clock prompt? Was not the House *bound* to be at the office at nine o'clock? The thing would be done with ease if the House would only get up now. Otherwise the House would have to run for a mile and a half up-hill, and probably be late even then. Then again, was the House prepared to sacrifice the greatest pleasure of the day to an object utterly unworthy? Was the House, in fact, prepared to give up its after-breakfast pipe? Finally, let the House remember that

"Early to bed, early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

Was the House ready to abandon its health, its wealth and its wisdom? Could the House contemplate with

equanimity the possibility of becoming a permanent invalid, pauper, and lunatic? He left the matter at that, confident that in the face of all the considerations that had been urged the House would not remain in bed a minute longer.

Mr. Brown, after a pause, seconded the opposition to the motion with verbose enthusiasm.

A few moments elapsed before Mr. Brown ventured to answer in defence of his motion. At length he submitted with diffidence that the Opposition only desired to conquer one weakness now in order to yield itself more thoroughly to another (and less innocent one) later. The ideal of the Opposition was an expansive breakfast. Of course, if the House liked dyspepsia——!

On a division the House unanimously rejected the motion and decided to get up, if not at once, at any rate in a very few moments.

The House rose at 8.40.

LITERARY NEWS.—In view of the recent purchase of *The Outlook* by Lord IVEAGH (né GUINNESS) we understand that the title of our contemporary is to be changed to *The Stoutlook*.

## THE GREAT TUNNEL QUESTION.

Horrible results anticipated.

May entail the need of an actual army.

Threatened appeal to the manhood of England.

[We see that *The Times* to-day, in a leading article on the Channel Tunnel, says: 'Nothing short of universal military service on the Continental model can justify us in weakening by an added risk the ocean barrier which alone has enabled us to neglect military preparation on a Continental scale.'

"We confess that if we believed this it would convert us into whole-hearted hostility to the tunnel project. As it is, it shows clearly enough what the real danger of the tunnel would be . . . that it would be used as an argument for insisting upon conscription on a Continental scale."—*Editorial Note in "The Westminster Gazette."*]

It was a District passenger that sat  
Rocked like a babe within its mobile bed,  
And passing me his journal pointed at  
The above remarks and said:

"Some talk of sentiment that keeps us great—  
An island-race whose realm is on the sea ;  
'Island' be blowed ! a smart and up-to-date  
Peninsula for me !

"Our sires were Vikings ? Full of virile grog  
They laughed, you say, 'to ride the Channel's swell' ?  
That may be so ; but as for this sea-dog —  
It makes him most unwell.

"That's why I want a tube arranged below,  
To let my stomach, comfortably packed,  
Achieve the Channel half an hour or so  
Sooner and still intact.

"Romance of Nature's bulwarks ? Rot, I say !  
If I can spare myself one bilious pang,  
I'll give you DRAKE and Co. ; they've had their day ;  
Let the whole crowd go hang !

"But if this placid transit should imply  
A manhood-army as the only sure  
Means to avert invasion entering by  
The tunnel's aperture,

"Then I'm against the project, teeth and claws ;  
For, though the Channel turns me vilely ill,  
To have to help at need my country's cause  
Would turn me sicker still." O. S.

## LIFE'S LITTLE DISCUSSIONS.

## THE DINNER-PARTY.

SCENE—*Breakfast at the Fordyces.*

MR. FORDYCE, MRS. FORDYCE, MISS FORDYCE, MISS MABEL FORDYCE  
and MR. JOHN FORDYCE.

Mrs. Fordyce. Don't you think, dear, we ought to give a dinner-party soon ?

Mr. Fordyce. No. Why ?

Mrs. Fordyce. Well, we've dined out a good deal lately, and we must do something in return.

Mr. Fordyce. Can't you ask the wives to lunch when I'm not here ?

Mrs. Fordyce. But they want to see you. It's just you they want to see.

Mr. Fordyce. Which of them ?

Mrs. Fordyce. Well, Mrs. CULVERWELL.

Mr. Fordyce. Oh, does she ? Well, I don't want to see her.

Mrs. Fordyce. I'm sure you were most agreeable to her at the BILLBYS' last week. You were laughing all the time. I watched you.

Miss Fordyce. Well, one must be polite.

Mr. John Fordyce (dubiously). Yes.

Mr. Fordyce. Look here, JACK, you mind your own business. You'll miss your train if you're not quick.

Mrs. Fordyce. Would the 14th suit you ?

Mr. Fordyce. What for ?

Mrs. Fordyce. The dinner-party, dear.

Mr. Fordyce. Oh, this wretched dinner-party ! I thought it was dismissed. No, I'm sure the 14th won't suit me.

Mrs. Fordyce. Have you got an engagement for that day ?

Mr. Fordyce. I think so. I'll look. Why shouldn't we go to the theatre that night ?

Miss Mabel Fordyce. Oh, yes, do let's.

Miss Fordyce. Surely we have been to enough plays lately. Mother is quite right. It is more than time we gave another dinner-party. We haven't had any one here since November. Besides, the BINSTEADS will be in town then. I heard from NELLY yesterday.

Mr. Fordyce. The BINSTEADS ! My — —

Miss Fordyce. Father, hush. MABEL, how silly you are, laughing like that.

Miss Mabel Fordyce. Well, father's quite right, they are the most awful stodgers. You know they are.

Miss Fordyce. They've always been very nice to us.

Mrs. Fordyce. There aren't kinder people in the world than the BINSTEADS.

Mr. Fordyce. All bores are kind.

Mr. John Fordyce. Well, I'm off. Goodbye all. Give me fair notice, won't you, mother, of the day the BINSTEADS are coming.

Mrs. Fordyce. Yes, dear, of course I will, and then you are sure to be free.

Mr. John Fordyce. Yes, mother, I'll make a point of being free.

Mrs. Fordyce. That's a good boy. My dear MABEL, what are you laughing at ? You're always laughing.

Miss Mabel Fordyce. At any rate, mother, if you must have the BINSTEADS, do, please, invite Mr. DETTMAR too, to make up for them a little.

Mr. Fordyce. But he's so very noisy.

Miss Mabel Fordyce. Well, he is amusing, anyhow, and he makes things go.

Mr. Fordyce (from his paper). By Jove, here's a rum thing. They've just performed an operation on a house-agent at Felixstowe, and what do you think they found inside him ?

Mrs. Fordyce. GEORGE, dear, don't . . .

Miss Fordyce. Oh, father, please spare us these morbid details.

Mr. Fordyce. All right, all right.

Mr. Fordyce. GWENDOLEN, dear, just make a list of some people to ask. There's the three BINSTEADS and Mr. DETTMAR. I suppose we must have Mr. DETTMAR, if MABEL is so set on him. Then there is Aunt FLORA.

Mr. Fordyce. If your Aunt FLORA comes, nothing will get me home till midnight.

Mrs. Fordyce. But, my dear . . .

Mr. Fordyce. No, I say it positively. We've done enough for your Aunt FLORA for at least a year. Didn't she have Christmas presents from all of you ?

Mrs. Fordyce. But she's so lonely, poor thing !

Mr. Fordyce. Well, so am I.

Miss Fordyce. Oh, father !

Mr. Fordyce. Yes, I am ; I'm very lonely, and I hate being asked out to dinner. You don't know your Aunt FLORA. She feels just as I do. If you want to ask anyone, ask MRS. ADAM. She's a clever woman.

Miss Fordyce. I'm afraid that father's idea of a clever woman is a coarse woman.

Mr. Fordyce. I've never noticed her coarseness. She's a sensible, amusing person, and that's more than you can say of half the women who come here.

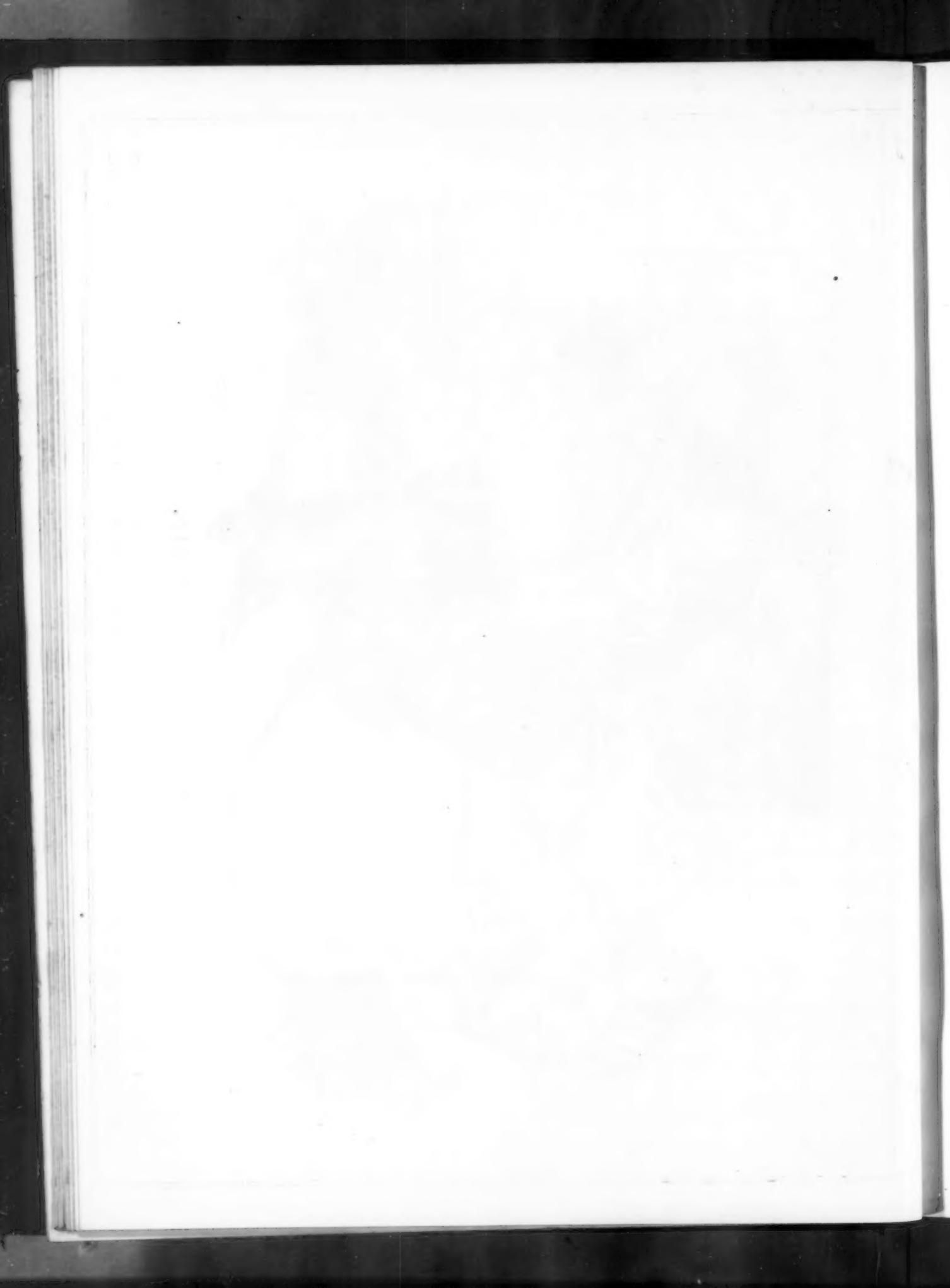
Mr. Fordyce. But we must ask some of the people we have dined with—the BILLBYS, the CARTERETS, the PIGGS. We



## SQUARING ACCOUNTS.

(A Farce in Two Acts of Parliament.)

Cook (who has been reading the new Prevention of Corruption Act). "WELL, I NEVER, MR. BINNS! NO MORE LITTLE PRESENTS FROM THE BUTCHER! 'OW AM I 'TO LIVE?'"  
Butler (who has been reading the new Workmen's Compensation Act). "IF YOU'LL TAKE MY ADVICE, YOU'LL JUST FALL ACCIDENTAL HOVER THE COAL-SCUTTLE, AND GET IT BACK OUT OF THE MASTER!"





*Hostess.* "GOODBYE, DARLING. SO SORRY NURSE HAS COME FOR YOU, I HOPE YOU AND MONTY HAVE ENJOYED YOURSELVES?"  
*Darling.* "THANK YOU. MOTHER SAYS WE'VE ENJOYED OURSELVES VERY MUCH!"

haven't room for Mrs. ADAM if they are to come, and if they are not to come we may as well have only the BINSTEADS and Mr. DETTMAR.

*Mr. Fordyce.* Well, I give it as my last word that unless Mrs. ADAM comes I don't.

*Miss Fordyce.* But she will put out the party. There is no man for her.

*Mr. Fordyce.* I'll take her in.

*Miss Fordyce.* You can't. You must take in Mrs. BILLBY.

*Mr. Fordyce.* Well, I can have her on the other side. I don't often interfere, but in this case I am adamant.

*Miss Mabel Fordyce.* Oh, father, how clever!

*Mrs. Fordyce.* What's clever?

*Miss Mabel Fordyce.* To say adamant—about Mrs. ADAM.

*Mr. Fordyce.* I wondered if any of you would see it. If you want a partner for Mrs. ADAM get JOE SURTEES.

*Miss Fordyce.* Father! How can you? After that dreadful story!

*Mr. Fordyce.* Well, it was probably not true. He's a very unhappy, lonely man, and you would be doing a kind thing to ask him. Very good company, too, when he likes. It's a pleasure to have some one to go down to the cellar for. There's no fun in teetotallers and Haigites like your BILLBYS and CARTERETS. You may sneer at JOE as much as you like, but I've said my last word.

[Exit to City.]

#### FIFTY YEARS ON.

"WHEN you have turned a hundred and I am fifty-five"—  
 So spoke without a warning the plumppest girl alive—  
 "I wonder, oh I wonder how both of us will be,  
 With HELEN fifty-seven and baby fifty-three."

The sum was done precisely; each item was correct;  
 The grisly shade of COCKER had nothing to object;  
 And yet I could not praise her, or sanction a display  
 Which tossed about the fifties in this collected way.

But still the maiden pressed me, and so I made reply,  
 "I'll tell you what I think, dear, about your by-and-by;  
 Your figure will be ampler, and, like a buzzing hive,  
 Your boys and girls will tease you when you are fifty-five."

"Your hair will not be brown, dear; you'll wear a decent cap;  
 Maybe you'll have a grandchild a-crowding on your lap;  
 And through the winter evenings the easiest of chairs  
 Will give you greater comfort than romping on the stairs."

"And sometimes too, I fancy, when all the world is snow,  
 You'll smile as you remember the days of long ago;  
 And every now and then, dear, you'll spare a thought for me,  
 When HELEN's fifty-seven and baby's fifty-three."

R. C. L.

## A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*The Races and Diet of London.*

As French impressionist artists have already learned to realise, there is no end to the beauties of London, architectural, atmospheric and climatic. Thanks to the enterprise and energy of our Borough Councils in dealing with the snow, we have recently witnessed the emergence, in some of our most crowded thoroughfares, of Great Salt Lakes so remarkable, alike for their area and depth, that Mormon tourists have been affected to tears by thus unexpectedly realising the delights of "home from home." It is the proud privilege of London and its suburbs to cater for all tastes and all nationalities. Swiss waiters have of late been seen tobogganing on tea-trays down the frozen slope of Campden-Hill Square. Albanians may be seen at almost any time, clad in the picturesque fustanella of their country, issuing from the portals of the Albany. The Druses, on arriving in London, invariably congregate in Portland Place; American authors are drawn by an irresistible attraction to the premises of HOWELLS AND JAMES; and the Solomon Islanders, as Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON has pointed out in one of his masterly studies of metropolitan anthropology, find a happy hunting-ground in the squares and gardens of Bayswater.

The infinite variety of London is reflected not only in its inhabitants but in its diet. That there are cannibal restaurants in our midst we can neither affirm nor deny, but Mr. G. R. Sims clearly inclines to the sinister view. As Sir GILBERT PARKER says in one of his most inspired passages:—

"What can they know of London who only Mayfair know?"

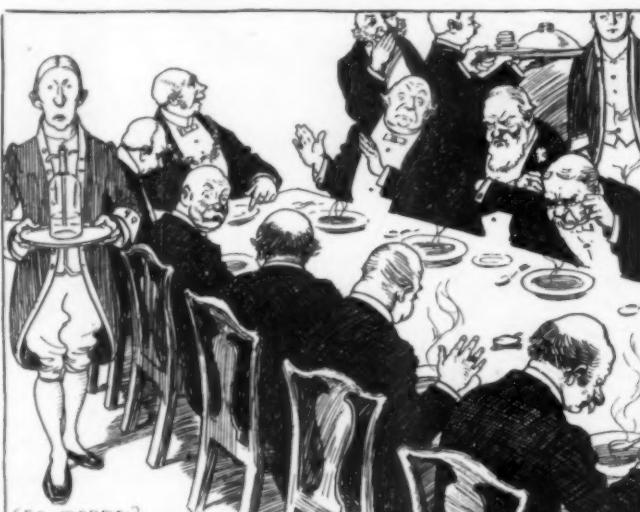
At any rate, since the introduction of the motor-bus, hippophagy has gone up by leaps and bounds, and the fact that even Dr. HAIG strongly recommends cobnuts is a remarkable proof of the growing deference paid to this regimen. Opium dens and haschish bars are common in the East End, but it is not safe for a country cousin to venture into them without the invaluable escort of Mr. COULSON KERNANAH.

A notable and characteristic feature of

the age is the hold which the cult of the Simple Life has taken on the upper strata of London Society. Hereditary peers nowadays seldom indulge in a meat meal, and the famous sixpenny lunch at the Savoy Restaurant is much patronised by millionaires, retired admirals, and other members of *The Times* Book Club. In the City it is the rarest thing to find a great merchant taking any solid refreshment in the middle of the day. Sir FELIX SCHUSTER habitually lunches off a parched pea and a glass of hot water; the Directors of the Bank of England seldom eat between meals; and the sole form of sustenance permitted in Lombard Street is China tea or oranges. A member of the Stock Exchange was recently hammered for drinking ginger beer during a weekend golfing visit to Sandwich. The old-

however, Mr. JOHN BURNS very sensibly pointed out that the earlier our gilded youth indulged in these gastronomic extravagances the sooner was it likely that a revulsion in favour of frugality would set in.

As a result, no doubt, of the *entente cordiale*, the practice of taking meals *al fresco* is largely on the increase. The automatic restaurant in the Embankment Gardens is crowded in all weathers, and it is the commonest thing to see busy barristers, who have slipped out of the Temple for a breath of air, lunching off a banana and a crust of bread by the river's marge, feeding the gulls, cheering the arrival of distinguished foreigners by the L.C.C. steamboats, or discussing the latest epigram of Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE. Often we have seen the eyes of dear old K.C.'s grow misty with enthusiasm in calling to their remembrance some choice phrase of this superlative and mirific penman. It seemed to us, listening to them, that they uttered the chief and supreme and most splendid memory of their lives. Famous politicians and lovely women also grace the Embankment, and a ride in one of the new electric tramcars is the *dernier cri* in the smartest set in Mayfair. Only the other day we saw the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Sir OLIVER LODGE, Mr. C. B. FRY, and Mr. and Mrs. ZANCIG, all sitting on the top of the same car, and discussing the Education Bill with the utmost urbanity.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.  
A LIVERY COMPANY DINES AT A VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT. A REALLY  
"MOCK" TURTLE SOUP IS SERVED.

fashioned City Dinner with half-a-dozen meat courses is a thing of the past, and the great Companies now habitually give their banquets at vegetarian restaurants, where turtle soup is replaced by a leguminous substitute in which the green fat is ingeniously represented by tabloids of petrified broad beans prepared according to a receipt of the Fabian Society.

But while adult Londoners are increasingly bent on simplifying their lives and reducing their carnivoracity the eternal compensation of nature is shown in a corresponding trend towards luxury on the part of the ingenuous youth. The number of tiny titled tots who may be seen at supper after the theatre at the Trafalgar or Tit-Bits is quite remarkable, and has already been made the subject of a scathing question in the House from Mr. WILL CROOKS, M.P. In his reply,

WE have it on good authority that Mr. BRYCE is to be offered any peerage he likes. He will of course naturally elect to become a Count of the Holy Roman Empire.

In reference to the Municipal Reform candidature of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, the London Correspondent of *The South Wales Daily News* says:

"It is on the cry mainly of reduced rats that Mr. ALEXANDER is standing."

Let us hope that we shall live to see Mr. ALEXANDER as *Hamlet*, "reducing rats" behind the arras.

## "And This?"

The following communication in the new ZANCIG code occurs in *The Scotsman*.

"Swede Turnips to Let; to be eaten on the ground with sheep. Apply, JAMES HOGG."

## ANOTHER VETERAN FOURSOME.

The combined ages of Players and Caddies (their sons) total 867 years.

The Foursome setting out from the first tee.



The General over-reaches his drive. His son has some difficulty in preserving an upright carriage.



The Quarry provides trouble for the General.



The Rear-Admiral holes out into one of the Doctor's big prints.



Return home. Late.

The Bishop caught playing a slim game.



## THE PERFECT WOMAN.

PASSING the band for the third time I took rather a nasty side slip.

"Wait a moment," said my partner; and she stooped and did something with her skirt. By-and-by she came up again with about nine dress lengths of nun's veiling, as I judged it, in her hand.

"Did I really do all that?" I said, with a kind of mournful pride. "It seems a lot. The going is a bit bad this end, you know."

"Doesn't matter a bit," she said brightly. (I had her down as "G. E." in my programme—which stood for "Glorious Eyes." They really were.) "In fact I'm rather glad for one reason."

"I am always at your service," I said. "Particularly on a floor like this."

"Because," she went on, "people who don't dance frightfully well are always so sensible in other ways. That is meant as a compliment," she added.

"For the moment I thought it wasn't," I confessed.

"And, as I'm sure you're sensible, I want your advice. Let's sit down and talk somewhere."

"Right," said I. "We'll have an ice, and I'll tell you what I think of the Channel Tunnel."

We got into a shady corner, and had some refreshment.

"It was rather funny your mentioning the Channel Tunnel," said G. E., "because that was one of the things I wanted to ask you about."

"I am full of facts," I said. "Sixteen million pounds, ten years, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, our special correspondent—"

"No, I don't want that, but—. Well, now, tell me. Are you a pro-Tunnel or not?"

I gave a warning cough.

"The matter," I orated, "cannot be dismissed lightly. On the one hand we have the opinion of our most competent military—"

"No, no, no," said G. E. "You must be one or the other. Which? Tell me quickly."

"Frankly, I don't know . . . But I'll tell you at 3 o'clock on Tuesday," I added hastily, "if you can give me till then."

"Oh, yes, that's all very well for *you*. You can wait till 3 o'clock on Tuesday. But we women can't . . . Are you a pro-Zancig?"

I gasped at the suddenness of the question. Then, pulling myself together, "Telepathy or thought transference," said I, "has long been—"

"Oh no. You must be one or the other. Which are you?"

"Can you give me till 4 o'clock on Wednesday?"

G. E. gave me her empty glass instead,

and stood up. Then she looked at me, and sat down again.

"I wonder if you will understand," she said.

"Let's try."

"Very well. It's just this, and if you were a woman you'd understand at once. A woman must either be all things to all men, or she must be the right thing. A man can just afford to be a Radical or a Nonconformist, if he's pretty decent in other ways. A woman can't."

"Oh, but I've met a woman who was a very keen Radical, and she knew everybody, from the Lord Mayor downwards—upwards—downwards."

"Keen. Yes, that's all right, if you're keen. But if you're an ordinary girl who doesn't read the papers, then there's only one thing you can be. Did you ever meet a girl who told you she didn't take much interest in politics, but rather thought she was an anti-Chamberlainite? I'm sure you didn't. So I want to know, what's being done about the ZANCIGS and the Channel Tunnel? You probably meet a lot of people; can't you tell me?"

It seemed a sad case. I said: "May I ask a few questions? Thank you. Then, first. You are a Protectionist, you say?"

"That's CHAMBERLAIN, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Yes, then."

"And you're an Imperialist, and you think the Government is ruining the country?"

"Yes."

"Church of England, of course?"

"Fairly high. Mr. BURRELL wanted to drive religion out of the schools."

"Jove, G. E.," I said, "you really are splendid. P.-B.-C.?"

"What's that?"

"Pro-Book-Club?"

"Y-yes. But why all this?"

I bent confidentially towards her.

"You didn't catch my name," I said. "I am —" and I mentioned one of our most popular statisticians.

"Well?"

"Well. I have been wondering myself about the ZANCIGS and the Tunnel, and so I made some statistics up. Here they are."

G. E. brightened up. "Now you really are going to be helpful," she said.

"Of 81,364 members of the Book Club, 81,363 are P.-B.-C. The other one kept the stamped envelope, the brute . . . Of these 81,363 no fewer than 80,210 are pro-Zancig. Personally I am not surprised. The odd 1153 are anti-Z. With

regard to the Channel Tunnel, 81,360 are anti-Tunnels. The other three say that if they change the water every Monday, to show that the sluices are working, they will give their adhesion

to the scheme . . . Coming now to the number of millions annually wasted by the Wastrels—. By-the-way, you're a Municipal Reformer, of course?"

"Whatever's that?"

"Oh, but you must be one. Promise. Promise me before we part, G. E."

"If you're sure it's right."

"Thank you. And with regard to the other, going by statistics—"

"But, of course, statistics are just what we must go by. I want to know. What is everybody doing?"

"Quite so. Well, then, everybody who is anybody (disregarding for the moment the paltry ruffian who stuck to the envelope, and nobody minds what he thinks) is a pro-Zancig and an anti-Tunnel this season." I took out a hand-kerchief and wiped my brow. "And don't say I haven't been sensible and helpful," I added.

G. E. shook my hand warmly.

"How can I thank you! I shall always come to you when I'm in a difficulty!"

"Do," I said.

\* \* \* \* \*

F. P. ("Fat. Plain.") tapped me with her fan.

"You haven't listened to a word I've been saying," she said reproachfully. "What's the matter?"

But my ears were strained to catch a sentence or two from the alcove behind us—spoken in that beautiful voice that I remembered so well—

" . . . Against it? Of course I am! What patriotic person wouldn't be . . . Considering that he was in one room and she in another . . . "

"I beg your pardon, F. P.," I said. "Do let me help you. What is it?"

We have long had a great admiration for our contemporary *The Gardener*. Briefly, we have felt that, while its City article is not always to be depended on, and though its Theatrical Notes lack just that something which is so necessary to good constructive criticism, and its Football Reports are a little wanting in "snap," yet (if we may go on with this sentence for a moment longer) its moral tone has always been above suspicion, and its knowledge of flowers has in many cases proved to be superior to, or at any rate more pedantically exact than, our own. Judge, then, of our horror at coming across, in last week's issue, a paragraph headed "How to Pinch Chrysanthemums."

## The Order of their Goings.

"It is a curious coincidence that both Cardinals followed each other in the order of precedence in the Sacred College."—*Daily Express*.

## THE RACK-HANGER.

PUBLIC sympathy has been lavished on the strap-hanger, but how about the rack-hanger, whose grievance is of much longer standing? I am a rack-hanger, and I demand sympathy. I travel on the Great Eastern suburban in the old compartment carriages, where such luxuries as straps are unknown. As I hang to the rack I envy the pampered people who revel in straps.

Our compartments are built with room for five a side and five down the middle. They are labelled "Six seats a side," and such is the influence of the printed word that six people wedge themselves on each side and imagine they are sitting. (I am speaking of the second-class compartments. I do not travel first, because my ticket is not a third-class ticket.)

Down the middle, on occasions, stand seven or eight, sometimes nine people. When there are only seven, the door shuts easily, when there are eight it shuts with difficulty. When there are nine it has to be rammed-to by a porter. Even on ordinary days the train is often full when it reaches my station, and it is no good the porters shouting "Take your seats, please," for somebody else has already taken the seat for which we have both paid, or partially paid.

I take my share of the rack instead. The woodwork is not always clean. But that is a minor inconvenience. I would give much for a strap, clean or dirty. Had I such I would close my eyes and imagine myself in Paradise.

The strap gives a good hold and is suspended at the right height. The rack is admirable for the parcels which are seldom put on it, but it is not made for hanging to, and your arm becomes numbed to the shoulder. If you lower it to restore circulation the train bumps over the points and you sit down on the lap of some one to whom you have never been introduced.

If he is good-tempered, he says affably, "All right; make yourself at home," or "Plenty of room for a little 'un." If he is a morose individual he says something else. As if you sat in his confounded lap on purpose!

If she is a lady, she blushes or giggles. The young City rack-hangers in tall collars snigger, and the funny man in the corner guffaws outright. It is highly humorous.

I am not always a rack-hanger. Sometimes I travel in the guard's van, where racks are not provided. If you are first in the storming party you may get a seat on a hamper or a portmanteau, but the supply of these is very inadequate. On foggy days and at other times of stress the average allowance of passengers per guard's van is forty. I have



*Distressed Foreigner (regarding himself in the glass). "Ah, MADAME, EVERY DAY I HAVE MORE AND MORE LESS HAIRS!"*

been one of forty-three, but that was abnormal.

The guard does not like people to travel in his van. He says it is against the regulations, and that we shall get him into trouble. When he comes back to his van after waving his flag, the younger bloods say "Full up!" and advise him to walk home, and when the train stops where there is no station they want to know why he doesn't get out and push.

Then the train starts with a jerk, and as many of us as can find room sit plied down on the floor. That puts the guard in a good temper. He says it

comes of being too clever. As a matter of fact it comes of having no straps.

Let the strap-hanger reflect that there are wretches worse off than himself, and be thankful. Does he complain because the straps are not jewelled and scented?

I would I were a strap-hanger!

We hear that the more noisy of our motor-omnibuses are to be fitted up with a much needed improvement. At an early date megaphones will be supplied to the passengers to enable them to converse with one another and the conductor.



### MEN AND MANNERS. A STUDY IN COSTUME.

*Interested Philistine (to friend, who has taken him to Bohemian gathering). "And who's the horsey-looking man with the big cigar?" Friend. "Oh—he's Gustavus Browne, the artist. You remember his 'SOUL TRIUMPHANT OVER EARTHLY LOVE' in the last R.A.?" I. P. "Really, you surprise me! And who's the other artist he's talking to?" Friend. "Artist! Good heavens! He's not an artist! He's a RETIRED UMBRELLA-MAKER WHO BOUGHT THE 'SOUL TRIUMPHANT'!"*

#### BREAD.

[Every drink known to mankind, and all the more important victuals from Mutton Chops down to Jam, have at one time or another been celebrated in poetry, save only and excepting Bread. This Bread, so far from being, as it deserves, the subject of a separate treatise, has never even been mentioned by the Poets of the Gastronomic School. The Occasional Poet and General Odd Man has, therefore, no hesitation in giving vent to the following:—]

Bread may be white or brown, be old or new,  
Bread may be toast, Bread even may be Hovis  
(We have not had *our* sample loaf, have you?);  
Bread may be baked to taste or *modo quovis*;  
Butter'd or not, there's always this about it,  
One cannot, being a mortal, do without it.

Bread-sauce is made of Bread (whence comes the name),  
Fried bread-crumbs are the making of your pheasant;  
With Bread-and-butter puddings 'tis the same,  
They're mainly Bread, though butter *may* be present;  
It also may with confidence be said  
That half a loaf is better than no Bread.

And here our knowledge of the subject ends,  
Save for this last and least important truth:  
A crust of Bread dropt in the goblet lends  
To flat champagne a brief but bubbling youth;

We state, not recommend, and leave at that,  
For we ourselves would sooner drink it flat.

But—here's the rub!—we'd educate your taste  
Against the time when, victim of detection,  
For your misdeeds your person shall be placed  
Reluctant in the Palace of Correction,  
Where (men who know have told us on the quiet)  
Bread forms the major portion of the diet.

\* \* \* \* \*  
So much for Bread. You'll hear from us again.  
One taste of blood begets a rage for slaughter.  
Next week, we hope, this paper will contain  
More lines like these writ round the topic "Water"  
(A sequel to our article on "Bread")—  
But, hark! the master's voice—"I doubt it. Ed."

#### Police v. Public.

*How our Criminals are made.*

"He soon fell among bad companions. He first got into the hands of the police at Droitwich."—*Daily Chronicle*.

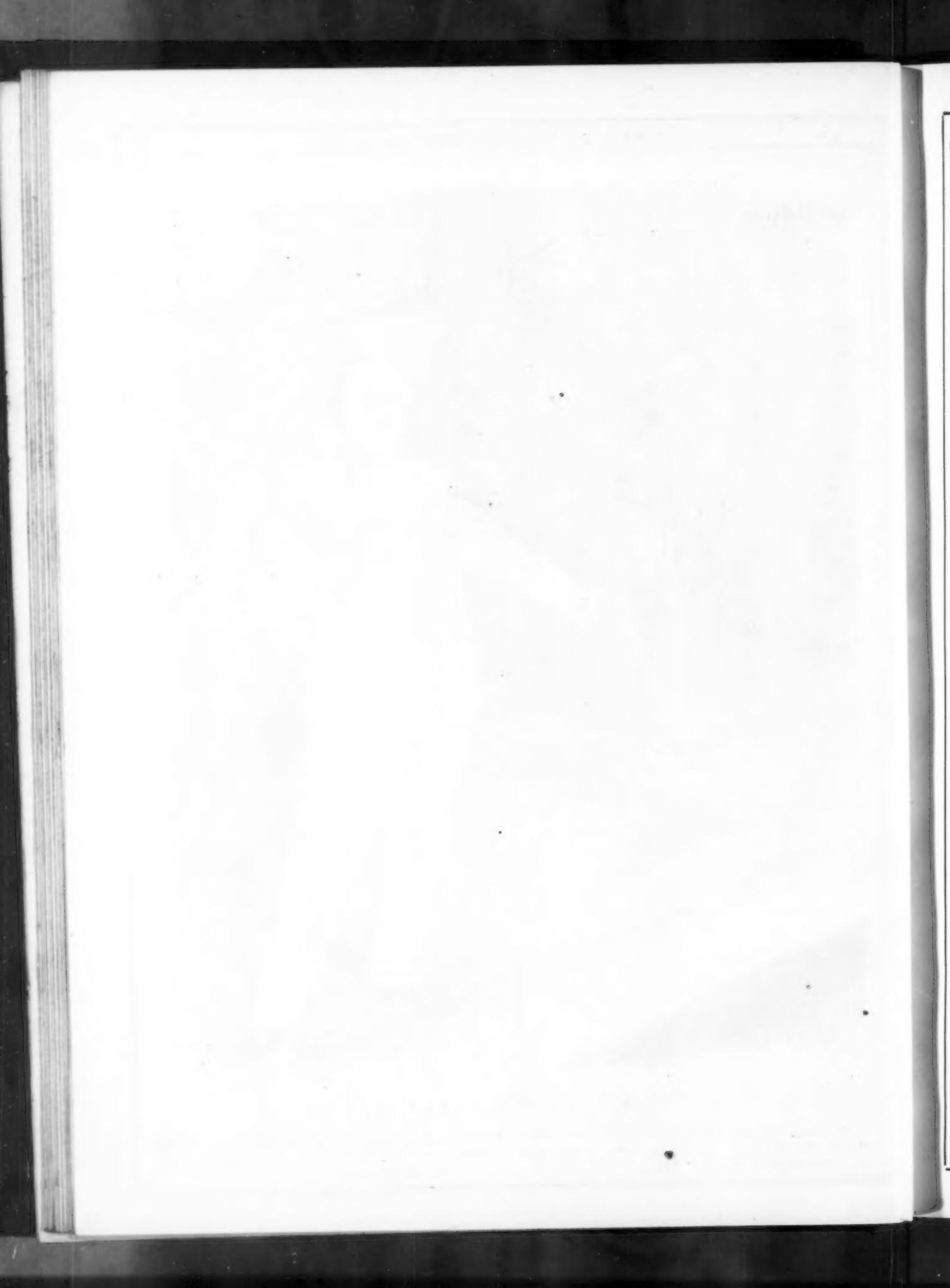
"Salesman for working old-established wholesale egg round."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Old-established" is a kindly way of putting it; but anyhow what he really wants is a conjurer.



### MORE ZANCIGNALLING.

PROFESSOR REDMOND. "I HAVE SELECTED ONE OF SEVERAL NAMES FOR THE POST OF IRISH CHIEF SECRETARY. MY PARTNER, C.-B., WILL NOW READ MY THOUGHT AND MAKE THE ANNOUNCEMENT ON THE BOARD."





**"A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS."**

*Melancholy Sportsman (watching hunters on straw ride). "HAPPY CHRISTMAS INDEED! TWO THOUSAND POUNDS'-WORTH OF HORSES JUST EATING MONEY. TWO FOOT OF STRAW BETWEEN ANY OF 'EM AND THE KNACKER'S CART. BOYS CHUCKED OFF EVERY DAY. EMPLOYER LIABLE. UGH! THINK I'LL GO IN AND READ ABOUT RAILWAY ACCIDENTS!"*

IN SHAKSPEARE'S SHOES.

SWAN of our stage! when first we saw  
How strangely keen the modern cygnet is  
To probe you with an envious claw,  
We felt those stabs were grave indignities;  
But since all pens (both jay and owl)  
Conspire to prod the bird of Avon,  
We own our ornamental fowl  
Is much more like a moulting raven.

Hardly had BERNARD dubbed you trash,  
And caused who knows what horrid panic in  
Britons who took your brass for cash,  
And deemed you too a supermannikin,  
When TOLSTOY swooped to snatch a tuff  
Of feathers where they grew the firmest,  
And left the bard whom MILTON puffed  
A sight to shock the taxidermist.

Not ours to carp; with empty praise  
The idol of our youth we prop not;  
But why, we ask, should wilted bays  
Be planted on another's top-knot?  
That harmless peer whom BLEIBTREU seeks  
In Hades where he hovers shyly—  
Shall RUTLAND stand before the beaks  
Instead of your *cadaver rile*?

What household name we honour most  
Is safe (while thus the Teuton hectors)  
From damage to his genuine ghost  
Through falsely substituted spectres?  
In authors (live and late) we see  
The blush of degradation mantling  
For fear a blind posterity  
Should foist on them the Stratford bantling!

Shall such a fraud—like birds who beg  
(The image alters here to Cuckoos)  
Apartments gratis for an egg  
In casual nests and never look whose—  
Shall he affix his faults to POPE,  
Or shuffle off his sins on SHELLEY,  
Or let, by some luxuriant trope,  
Suspicion pounce on Miss CORELLI?

Sooner than that, ourselves were fain  
To have it known,—*we* blacked *Othello*;  
*King Lear*, by some defect of brain  
Occurred to *us*—the comic fellow!  
To save from scorn some nobler quill  
Our own post-mortem pride we'll barter,  
And, saddled with the works of WILL,  
Go down to shame, a conscious martyr!

## TAKING A LICENCE.

I AM the owner of a touring caravan, in which from time to time I emulate the gipsy and take to the open road. I have also on occasion let this caravan. These are innocent pursuits; yet through them alone, as the following correspondence will show, I came into a desperate conflict with an Inland Revenue officer with a whole Act of Parliament at his back. I leave it to the reader to judge who was the victor in this uneven contest.

## LETTER I.—(He to me.)

DEAR SIR,—I learn that you have in your possession a caravan; but I do not observe that you have taken out a licence for it. As a two-horse carriage with four wheels it is liable to a yearly payment of £2 2s. Od.

I am, Yours faithfully, &c.

## LETTER II.—(I to him.)

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter. It is true that I possess a caravan. It is also true that I have no licence for it. But I am at a loss to understand how you can have fallen into the error of supposing that a caravan is a carriage. It is unquestionably a *house*. The wheels are merely incidental. I am not aware that gypsies have to take out such a licence. For all intents and purposes I am a gipsy. Please understand I have no desire whatever to evade the law. I only wish to put the matter clearly before you. I am, Yours faithfully.

## LETTER III.—(He to me.)

DEAR SIR,—A caravan cannot with propriety be regarded as a house. Under the Act—I spare you his long quotation—a gipsy must either hold a carriage licence or a hawker's licence. (I admit he had me there.) I await your cheque. I am, &c.

## LETTER IV.—(I to him.)

DEAR SIR,—I am at a loss to understand how you have fallen into the error of supposing that I am in any way to be compared with gypsies. I think the suggestion showed a want of courtesy on your part. Surely it is clear to the meanest intelligence that a caravan is unquestionably a *cart* (I had him there), so I hope the matter will be allowed to end here. Understand that I have no desire whatever to evade the law. I only wish to put the matter clearly before you. I am, &c.

## LETTER V.—(He to me.)

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter. Granted that a caravan is a cart, it is necessary for you to put your name and address upon it. Also, as a cart, it must be used only for purposes of trade or husbandry, and to take your wife and

family to a place of worship on Sunday. (He had me there.) I am, Yours, etc.

## LETTER VI.—(I to him.)

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your interesting letter. I regret my inability to comply with your suggestion that I should take my wife and family to a place of worship by caravan. I don't think the Vicar would like it. Besides, I have no wife and family. But I am at a loss to understand how you could have fallen into the error of supposing that a caravan is a cart. Nothing could be further from the truth. As this caravan of mine is made to "ply for hire," the only possible conclusion is that it is a *cab*. I hope you will allow the matter to rest there. For myself I admit that it is comforting to me to know once and for all that it is a *cab*. I have often vaguely wondered what it was. Please understand that I have no desire whatever to evade the law. I only wish to put the matter clearly before you.

I am, etc.

## LETTER VII.—(He to me.)

DEAR SIR,—As it is not kept *solely* for purposes of plying for hire, your caravan cannot be classed as a *cab*. In any case it must have paid a hackney carriage licence. (He had me there.) I await your cheque. I am, Yours, &c.

## LETTER VIII.—(I to him.)

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter. Please understand that I have no intention whatever of evading the law—far from it. I only wish to make the matter clear to you. A caravan, then, is a carriage. What did you say was the amount? I am, &c.

## LETTER IX.—(He to me.)

DEAR SIR,—Your caravan "being drawn or adapted to be drawn by two horses or mules," I await your cheque for £2 2s. Od. I am, &c.

## LETTER X.—(I to him.)

DEAR SIR,—I think in future of using one horse and one mule for my caravan, so I presume I am exempt. (I had him there.) Many thanks for your interesting letter. I am, &c.

## LETTER XI.—(He to me.)

DEAR SIR,—I await your cheque for two guineas. I am, &c.

## LETTER XII.—(I to him.)

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your long and interesting letter. I much regret that our pleasant correspondence is so near a close. But as I have not used my caravan this year at all I see that under the Act I am exempt from duty. Please understand that throughout I have had no intention whatever of evading the law—far from it. I only wished to put the matter clearly before you. I am, Yours, &c.

## CHARIVARIA.

It is now officially announced that Mr. BRYCE has been appointed British Ambassador at Washington. It is curious how slow the Government is in obtaining information of this kind.

The Suffragettes who so pluckily elected to go to prison rather than pay fines are now complaining that they found the prisons far from comfortable.

One of them was not satisfied with the accommodation in the Black Maria in which she was conveyed to gaol. But it is something, surely, that so important a vehicle should bear a woman's name.

The Australian Federal Rifle Association has decided to send twelve men to Bisley next year. This weakening of the defences is taken to signify that, in the opinion of those on the spot best able to judge, there is no immediate fear of Japan taking that Colony.

Much interest is, not unnaturally, being taken now in the Crown Prince of PERSIA. He is said to be a fine boy of thirty-six, but looks older.

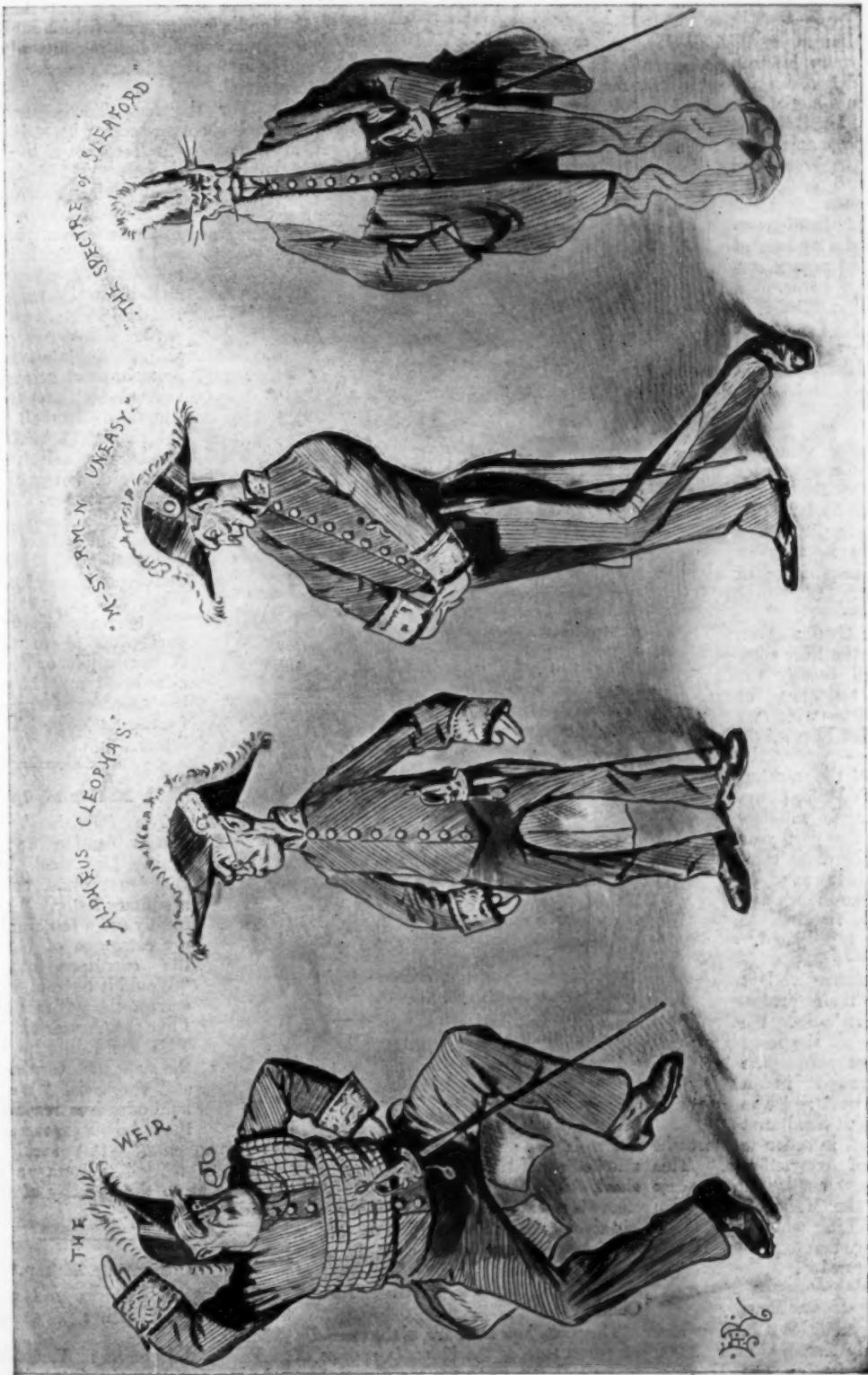
The Sultan of MOROCCO, in his letter depositing RAISULI, called him a liar and an impostor, an accursed man and a corrupt person. It is said that RAISULI offered a handsome salary to a retired bus-driver to assist him to cope with his royal master, but the letter miscarried.

We are glad to learn that all the drivers of horse-omnibuses who were attacked by apoplexy as the result of being jeered at by the drivers of motor-omnibuses during the recent snowy weather are now almost out of danger.

The greatest discovery of 1906 was made just as the year was flickering out. As usual, it hails from America. A New York cable informs us that Professor McGEE finds the Americans of to-day more cultured and more vigorous and nobler—physically and morally—than any other people.

We had no idea that Dr. EMIL REICH was not appreciated here. *The Express* has been publishing New Year's Messages from its leading readers, and the Doctor writes:—"I venture to say that what this country needs more than anything else is greater respect for knowledge, for intellect and for insight."

We hear that the *Laneet's* article in favour of plum-pudding has had a curious result. Several children refused



### POTENTIAL ADDITIONS TO THE MINISTRY.

Owing to the imminent re-shuffling of Ministerial appointments, potential candidates are in a condition of some excitement. Lest they should otherwise escape the attention of the Prime Minister, our Artist portrays (in hypothetical array) certain gentlemen whose selection would distinctly add to the attractiveness of the Government and to the gaiety of nations.

on Christmas Day to touch the pudding on the ground that it was medicine,

Mr. LLOYD, of Harewoods, Betchingley, has, a contemporary informs us, given each of his thirty-seven nephews and nieces a Christmas-box of £1000. This dispels once and for all the uneasy feeling prevalent among many of us for some time past that the breed of Uncles was deteriorating.

"The worst of the distressing slate-club tales we hear of every Christmas," says a correspondent in a letter to a contemporary, "is that they are avoidable." Personally, we should have thought that that was the best of them; but we do not pretend to expert knowledge.

A young Swiss who has been arrested for a murder has confessed to the crime; but declares that he forgot he committed the murder. Once more we would impress on everyone the importance of keeping a diary.

Admiral Sir GERARD NOEL has taken over the Nore command. He will occupy the new official residence at Chatham—which will, we presume, be called Nore's Ark.

The report of the working of the Children's Police Court at Birmingham is satisfactory. During the past year 687 cases were heard as compared with 632 in the previous year. We felt sure that these institutions only required to be known to be appreciated.

Many Scotchmen adopt Journalism as their profession, but few Irishmen. We were therefore all the more pleased to come across the following statement in a newspaper last week:—"The military college at Sandhurst is to be enlarged in order to meet the great shortage of Army officers." This furnishes a happy contrast to the case (mentioned in the *Mail*) of the train on the District Line which was taken off for the alleged reason that it was habitually overcrowded.

#### Domestic Candour.

"In aid of Cruelty to Children and Animals, a lady having over 2,000 cookery recipes, foreign and English, will send any one for 1s."—*Gentlewoman.*

#### A NEW DRESS FOR "THE LANCERS."

(No connection with War-Office designs.)

In view of holiday festivities, and the (if possible) increased wear and tear of the above destructive dance, *Mr. Punch's* Fashion Specialist offers the following suggestions for useful, and at the same time modish, costumes.



*For Ladies.*—A trim corsage of double-stitched sailcloth, with appliquéd yoke of shark-skin. At the angle of the puffed sleeve is a neat rhinoceros-hide elbow-cap. Six-rivet mail gauntlets give *un air de bien-gantée* to slim fingers. At the waist dangles a pretty *jou-jou*—four links of ship's cable, for use in the "Ladies' Chain."

The *pantalope* is, or are, of the specially prepared skin of the *bluma* (a species of *traversus*, found in the wilds of Knickeragua), made up with the hairy side out-

wards. A tarpaulin bathing-cap, lashed under the chin, protects the *coiffure*; and a fencing-mask (which can be bought from any non-hunting firm who deal in wire-fencing) is worn much as one wears a veil.

For the rest, Stowwasser leggings, and shooting-boots with 1-inch spikes to enable our Terpsichore to get a grip of the floor in the "Whirlwind" move-

ment of the "Visiting" figure. It is by attention to these little accessories that a refined and tasteful finish is given to a *tailor-made*, pronounced by a Parisian Costume-King to be "*le dernier smart*."

*For Gentlemen.*—Simple almost to plainness are the hair-pin-proof cuirass of Harveyized steel, and the padded American football knickers (which should be wired on). Headwear consists of a creosoted zinc hat, with dummy bridge-protector. The patent "See-See" motor-goggles, with 1½-inch glass, are *distingué* and dust proof. Lead putties, and divers' boots with weighted soles, will help to overcome the tendency of the feet to parabolate above the head. A door-handle or the knob of a bed-post may be affixed to the shoulder of the end man for the "Charge" in the last figure.

#### A Matter of Opinion.

*The Publishers' Circular* carries caution to extreme limit. Last week its correspondence column consisted of a solitary letter. "You very kindly say a few words about my catalogue of old books," the correspondent writes. "Would it be troubling you to correct the address given, as I live at Leicester, not Bath?" This the Editor prefaces by the statement, to which italics add emphasis, "We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our

Correspondents." But surely a man might be trusted to form an accurate opinion as to the identity of the town in which he lives?

#### A Sporting Bishop.

"CATHEDRAL services and anthems: Morning (8·0), Plain; Evening (4·0), Plain."

Palace, Gloucester: Varieties twice nightly, at 6·50 and 9 (matinée Saturday at 2·30)."—*Gloucester Citizen.*

## OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW YEAR FACES.

(How certain of the classics appeared to a very youthful playgoer.)

## I.—ALADDIN.

ONCE upon a time, in the Market Place at Pekin, there lived a poor widow named TWANKEY, with one little boy called ALADDIN. Though ALADDIN's mother was so poor she was very cheerful, and kept on saying funny things that made people laugh. Also she was able to give him some nice suits, but perhaps she saved on the knickerbockers.

One day the Princess of that country was coming by with a procession, and when she saw ALADDIN she stopped the procession and fell in love with him. But the Grand Vizier was very angry, and told him he would be put in prison, at which ALADDIN's mother wanted to go too, so that women might have votes.

However, they didn't go, because a magician took ALADDIN to the mouth of a cave, which he had to enter all alone. But when he got inside, instead of being alone he found crowds of lady-like young gentlemen in glittering clothes who walked about to music. And his mother came in as well and said, "Excuse me, but is this the Poplar Union?" Then they brought the treasures to the palace of the Empress, the Princess's mother, who used to live in the Commercial Road, London, and let lodgings. And when she saw them she was overjoyed, and allowed ALADDIN to marry the Princess, and ALADDIN's mother married the magician, and at the wedding everybody sang songs, and some very large fairies flew about in the air, and everything was all over coloured lights.

## II.—CINDERELLA.

CINDERELLA was the daughter of a Baron; she had two grown-up sisters who spited her, and they all lived in the kitchen with a big cat and some very rude servants. But it chanced that a certain Prince with a squeaky voice wanted to marry CINDERELLA, so he told his page DANDINI to disguise himself by carrying a little cloak on his left arm, which would somehow make people think he was the Prince. Then the real Prince gave a party and all the Baron's family went except CINDERELLA, who was left at home. But afterwards she started too, in a glass coach drawn by live ponies, and although she was so late the coach kept going round and round in a circle instead of straight on. Which was silly.

After all, though, it wasn't much of a party, only processions; and as soon as the Prince met CINDERELLA all the lights went out, except a wobbly kind of moon, and the Prince put on a big hat and sang, "Honey, kiss your piccaninny boy." But the others never got to the party at all, because their flying-machine broke down near the Zoological Gardens, at



## UPS AND DOWNS.

*City Man.* "EVERYTHING I'VE BOUGHT HAS GONE DOWN. EVERYTHING I'VE SOLD HAS GONE UP. AH, WELL, THANK HEAVEN, THEY CAN'T GO SIDEWAYS!"

which the Baroness was very angry and said, "We've lost *The Daily Mail* prize." However, they saw some performing animals, and the Baron pretended to do thought-reading; and after that I suppose they must have got home somehow, because when the Prince brought round CINDERELLA's slipper next day the old sisters wanted to buy it in Class D at a reduction on the net price; but he would only give it to CINDERELLA, so they were married.

## III.—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE started from the Port of Hull, where his aged mother lived, and a pretty lady in short skirts whom he was engaged to. So CRUSOE said, "Au revoir, my little Hyacinth"—though her real name was POLLY HOPKINS—and went away on a ship with a lot of good-

looking sailors, and it was wrecked, but CRUSOE himself got to the Desert Island without even wetting his clothes. But the Island wasn't nearly so Desert as you'd think from the books, because, besides CRUSOE and FRIDAY and the Cannibals, Mrs. CRUSOE had come too, and POLLY HOPKINS, and a gentleman with a red nose called Education Bill.

However, the King of the Cannibals was quite nice and friendly, and instead of eating them he told them about his adventures by the Zuyder Zee, and showed them some processions and a dance of monkeys. Shortly afterwards they found out that the Cannibals were only black because there was a soap-trust on the Desert Island, so they all sailed away to Port Sunlight on a steamer with L.C.C. on the paddle and lived happy ever after.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE recently announced conclusion of the Court Martial which condemned to death Admiral NEBOGATOFF and the Captains of his squadrons adds fresh interest to the narrative by Captain SEMENOFF of *The Battle of Tsushima* (JOHN MURRAY). The Captain, who was on board the flagship *Suvoroff* during the engagement, completes the story of the expedition of the Baltic Fleet written by POLITOVSKY. It is pleasanter reading, especially for Russians, since when brought to bay by the invincible Japs the doomed crews of the fleet met their fate with sublime, unflinching heroism. On the Admiral's flagship the Japanese from the first mercilessly trained their guns. With constant hail of gigantic shells falling on the deck, ripping their way through the cabins and engine-rooms, the nearest approach to Inferno was realised. The *Suvoroff* was a mere target, and to the last returned an ineffective fire. There is a pathetic picture of Admiral NEBOGATOFF, several times wounded, sitting on a box in the turret, replying to all inquiries as to where he was hit, "It's only a trifle." His Captains, most of them bleeding with wounds, forcing their way into the turret with intent to carry him off to another ship, took him by the arms to uplift him. "No sooner had he put his left leg to the ground than he groaned and completely lost consciousness." In that state he was carried to a torpedo boat waiting alongside and literally thrown on board when the boat rose on a wave and swung towards the crippled battleship.

In a preface Sir GEORGE CLARKE says, "The battle of Tsushima is by far the greatest and most important naval event since Trafalgar." In this little book is found a marvellous word-picture of its actualities.

*The Confectioners* (ARROWSMITH), by WILLIAM CAINE and JOHN FAIRBAIRN, is nearly the maddest book I have read, and probably the most original. One of the original features of it is that at the end of every chapter the collaborators argue about the merits of the last section and the authorship of the next. If there were to be an epilogue in which I might be allowed to take part, it would go something like this:—

Reviewer. Your book amused me a good deal.

Caine. Thank you. I feel that I have not laboured Fairbairn. in vain.

F. (explanatorily to R.). My amanuensis, Mr. Caine.

C. (explanatorily to R.). Mr. Fairbairn roughed out some of the easier chapters for me.

R. But I think it was a mistake bringing the feminine element into a scientific work.

C. There, John, what did I say?

R. And I don't quite understand Quilliam. Is he meant for G. K. Chesterton by any chance?

F. I have often asked William myself what Quilliam was doing in the book. I am glad you share my views.

R. Tell me, in a general way, are you satirizing science or the scientific novel?

C. I said the critics wouldn't grasp the point of the thing, John.

F. I begin to despair of the critics, William.

R. Well, whatever the intention, the result is quite entertaining. I laughed many times.

C. John, he laughed.

F. Your hand, William.

Mr. MAX PEMBERTON seems to have got his eras mixed. His book, *The Lady Evelyn* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), is certainly twentieth century, for there is an American impresario who "presents" plays in the most approved modern manner. Equally it is mediaeval, for there is a moated castle with a drawbridge in good working order. It is true that the castle is in Roumania, where anything might happen, but that doesn't alter the case. So far do the characters get from latter-day civilisation that one of them, a Cambridge undergraduate, refers to marmalade as "Cambridge squash"; while a doorkeeper at the theatre pronounces *car* in so peculiar a manner that it is necessary to spell it with a *k*. Moreover, people are "a-thirst" when they want a drink, and have "wallets" for their money. *The Lady Evelyn*, too, is distinctly and admittedly two persons, a romantic and a modern. Still, the right man marries her, and does the villain in the eye, so I suppose it's all right.



Bishop (who has "looked in" at rural Sunday School). "Now, CHILDREN, CAN ANY OF YOU TELL WHAT IS MEANT BY THE VISITATION OF THE BISHOP?" Little Girl (after long pause). "PLEASE, SIR, AN AFFLICTION SENT FROM HEAVENS?"

as Mr. BERTRAM says after his card-tricks?) Judged by this exalted standard I am afraid that K. C. RYVES, the author of *At the Sign of the Peacock*, was not caught quite young enough, or, let me say, was caught too young. That will give her time to grow and, perhaps, to develop into one of G. K. C.'s clever people. The hero of her story is a sort of modern young Lochinvar, who carried off his lady-love, not on the best steed in the Border, but in a motor-car, on the eve of her marriage to another. As there was a feud between their houses it was not easy for them to meet each other, and consequently Lochinvar was bound to make the most of his opportunities. Still I don't think that he ought to have kissed her the second time he met her. Nor do I consider that K. C. RYVES has written a clever book, in spite of its belonging to the First Novel Library. But it is quite worth her while to try again.

It is understood that the War Office will arrange for the despatch of troops, in the event of a raid, by motor-buses from London to the exit of the Channel Tunnel. Conductors are to be specially cautioned against attempting to get fares for the return journey by inviting the enemy to go back with them, unless of course as prisoners.